A decorative rectangular border with ornate floral and scrollwork designs, featuring leaves, flowers, and a central medallion at the bottom.

Tenebras lucet et  
lumina (Dark and  
shining lights) :  
This Song of Love –  
Part one

By

Indana Simonde

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## **The Total Writing System : Evidence of writing**

Using the Total Writing System, I intend to use each of the 33 books written over the last month to define how to write. But, if you want to write well, study other writers, read anything and everything in order to emulate the style. Learn and research but ultimately plan in order to create volume as opposed to simply quality that is limited in vision or scope and which, over time will likely be either written in a simpler and easier to consume format. If there are spelling mistakes or grammatical or syntax issues, I will explain how to rewrite when the books are rewritten. But in the first instance, I will create a narrative using the Multiphase Multiverse Interceptor / Inverter world(s). That is to say, using previously written material as notes, I will attempt to write a longer dialogue which is more coherent and focused on a few or more than a few individual characters. The words are mine but the inspiration is you, so thank you in advance.

The importance of being able to articulate your thoughts, express yourself and overcome mental illness with a view to reintegrating yourself within the community you live and (or) work in is likely paramount to your current existence and general well being. As such I thought I would allow a brief introduction to my own mental ill health. Since 2004 I have been diagnosed with multiple instances of mental ill health, have become withdrawn and isolated and as such am using my writing in order to articulate my thoughts such that I am no longer mentally unwell. Unfortunately it does not work that way. So, in 2007 I wrote my first book, it improved my self esteem dramatically. Then I crashed and have not been able to pick myself up, study or work. This is a problem for me, you and all of society. So, when you decide to pick up a pen, remember being normal is only as smart as being articulate enough to explain that you don't feel normal at present. And when you do, you can explain what you mean by the writing you have memorised as your true

thoughts and feelings as and when you manage to change your life.

Hope characterises us all. And as such, I am planning to repay all of the communities and people who have invested their time, energy and respect, honour, love but ultimately, I have a lot of work to do, without a job. I owe it to myself, my family and my friends to do this, so that I can one day read my kids a decent bedtime story that teaches them the only thing I ever wanted them to learn. Latin, yes, that's right, Latin. As in, the law, the meaning of equality, the meaning of enslavement, the meaning of war and peace. The meaning of language, tax, democracy (greek) history (global) and society or civilisation (the same thing through the progression of individuals over time) in the form of social anthropology (and maths).

This book is a reimagining of a number of books I have already written in poetic form, of which the total writing system is a product of.

## Chapter 1 : Book 1 – Ode to the sea's song: ..of words and the accursed name

**Key themes** / Christmas wish-list :- *Love, Honour and Valour*

Page 1. October 1984

“Don’t you want me..” he began singing, his face painted like a new romantic. For some reason he hadn’t aged beyond thirty in all the years that he had been moving around the city. Something told him that she would have loved this song. He thought about the words, bit his lip and felt his finger, of which he had spent a few moments trying to recount the moment when he cut it. The blade was sharp, razor sharp on his finger; in fact, despite the fact that he was unable to die, it didn’t stop him from attempting to end it all with a sudden and less than rash whim every now and again. Which of course was a problem for anyone who witnessed how his immortality manifest itself.

It took him a while to realise that something must have happened to him at birth due to the fact that, Tom Spears, former officer of the Crown was now immortal and no other member of humanity could find out of the danger and sacrifice he had laid down for Queen and Country. He loved his country, he loved his people, he loved his life, but today was to be the darkest of nights in which he would paint the world a menagerie of colour and it would work this time. As he began the attempt on his life, something curious happened. The door bell rang and his mood lifted from almost ignorant bliss to a depressive slump that would not shift. On approach to the spy glass to see who was there, he was surprised to find that there was nobody there.

Tom walked back to the door after the doorbell rang a second time and this time there was still nobody at the door. *‘Realise your inner potential. Don’t let them take you my man..’* he thought to himself. It was in this moment his life changed as the doorbell rang for what would be the last time.

October 1964, Edinburgh : Wednesday - 21:33

The ocean was calling to him from his flat on the outskirts of Edinburgh, Scotland. Portobello, the beach closest to his tower block, which incidentally was only a couple of miles away from the Kings Buildings and the Queens Hall was steadily becoming infamous for all the wrong reasons. There were too many delinquent children who were physically and mentally abusing the elderly or generally anyone in the area in an anti-social manner. The police, as well trained and regimented as they were, were struggling to cope with a recent influx of enquiries as to a spate of robberies that had been committed over the course of a few weeks. Diamonds had been stolen from a locked vault and there was an issue to do with the nature of the crime as though completely locked and without any form of access to the locked vault, there appeared to be no marks or trace of forced entry into the building that contained the diamonds.

The officer in charge of the investigation was Sergeant Spears, he didn’t know how he knew, but today was going to be a pretty tough day for him due to the fact that he only had two hours to complete a caseload of paperwork before he would be able to go home. Unfortunately, the paperwork of which he stared at on his desk, situated in a less than well ventilated office, was where the tragic love affair with the role he had grown quite accustomed to ended. The depression was kicking in, and all he wanted was a cigarette, of which his wife had complained and argued with him to stop smoking, and a dram, Scotland’s national export. He mused on this thought for all of a second, the fear of temptation ringing in his head. It would have to be a late night working though, and as a member of her majesties police constabulary, he knew the risks of being caught at work with

alcohol in his system, having been a police officer for a number of years.

"Well Tam.." his commanding officer looked him sternly in the eyes as though testing him. Tom Spears was a well reasonably well educated officer having attempted to study English Literature at a local polytechnic first and foremost, but having failed, his parents had pushed him to work towards a junior role in one of the administrative branches of the police. Walking the beat, according to Mr Spears, Tom's father was an honourable and responsible role, which would help to tackle the effects of poverty and anti-social behaviour in the community, but more than that, it would either be the army or the police. '*You need discipline!*' he winced at the sound of the papers careering towards the desk as he snapped out of the daydream, instantly being drawn back into the room.

"Yes sir!" Spears replied.

"Have I not been good to you all these long years?"

"Why.." Spears was caught off guard. He didn't know how to reply, thinking that this was more of a social call than a professional chastisement. But instead it was the betrayal from both a workmate and a colleague in front of the entire department.

"You, ya bloody waste ae space, have let this department doon fer the last time. Fill in this foram. You'll be paid until the end of the month. I'm no gonnae cover fer you any mare. Anyone would think you were on the wacky baccy like one of those hippy freaks. Don't forget to look for the box on your way out!" the superintendent in charge of the station looked him sternly in the eyes, knowing that this was the wrong decision, but his hands were tied.

"And Tam, dinnae come knockin' on ma door at stupid o'clock thinkin' your bein funny, askin fer the missus awright!" and with that his boss, the man who had pushed him to promotion after promotion, the same man who had given him such a heavy caseload and had supplied him with all the tools necessary to become an honest member of the team provided him with marching orders. This was the end of the road as far as the police were concerned.

Page 4. October 1974 : somewhere between Edinburgh city centre and Glasgow

"You'll never guess what happened today!" an excited Tracy motioned towards him with speed.

"erm..." Tom replied without any hesitation or even a moment to think, because whenever Tracy said something along those lines, it was usually a fact about some kind of celebrity or pop star she loved who had died. She was a bit morbid like that.

"Marvin Gaye died last night." she smiled at him and then his face dropped.

"1st of April.. that's old news." he replied, his years as a detective had allowed him an excellent memory and the ability to recall information at the drop of a hat. Unfortunately, the main problem with his ability to remember information was that it was usually these days more than likely to be useless information rather than important subject material.

"Look, I heard it on the news. Someone on the news said, '*and here is a track from the late Marvin Gaye*' and that's how I know." she replied curtly as though completely offended.

"Trac.." they were following him, he didn't know who they were or how they knew where he was or what he was supposed to know, all he knew was that they were now following him and they were getting closer as he grew older with time, rather than physically. His speech slowed almost completely imperceptibly, but ever since he lost his job with the police, and equally after having seen what they had done to the Superintendents wife, he was adamant, they were *body snatchers*.

It took five minutes for the taxi to reach Davidsons Mains before he realised he was on the road to Glasgow and hadn't heard or said a word to Tracy for the whole time. They both had

been invited to a party but due to the fact that as always, Tracy was unable to take public transport, he had to drive. An erratic movement towards the rear view mirror and back to his blind spot was how he knew this time that they were following him. And this time, there were more of them than before.

"...Tom? Tooom!" she shouted at last getting through to him with regards to the nature of what was actually happening to him. He was either going completely manic or he was actually for once making sense. The aliens or monster's these invisible floods of people with weird features that only he could see were making him feel queasy. He could see images, snippets of real peoples contorted and twisted faces obscured by a dark veil, and the smell of death. That was how he knew that they were nearby as he veered off to a side street near a walled construction building at the site of what would later become Edinburgh Airport.

"Look, I know what your going to say. Turnhouse used to be a military airport, and now their building something but there must be some military personnel on site right?" he finally muttered as though he'd just been slapped in the face or humiliated by his girlfriend in front of his entire family. The only thing was, Tracy wasn't his girlfriend and neither was she attempting to humiliate him. That was the first time someone fought the Flood and won.

Page 5. October 1994 : Edinburgh – 23:54

"You honestly don't have a clue what they think of you do you?" she smiled a dry and completely sane smile, only for the facade of a reality he wasn't prepared for to drop.

"Listen, if I told you that I was pregnant.." her smile paused for a moment as his failed to draw even an inkling of a corner on his face.

"What's wrong babe, are you not happy?" she questioned him as though this were an interrogation. He tried to think of the best excuse he could for not paying attention but as his thoughts moved towards the sword he had received all those years ago, he knew there was a problem so he told her straight what he was thinking.

"Look, the thing about having a sword that just appears at your door out of thin air is.." his voice trailed over to the sound of smashed glass against the wall. The thing about not listening to someone, especially when they tell you they are pregnant is, they are pregnant and your not listening. Girls and Boys by Blur was playing on the cd player, but due to the fact that he wasn't paying attention, he hadn't noticed the fact that the compact disc had started to skip.

"Why does it always have to be about how you feel? Why does it always have to be an argument just to get my point across to you?" the tears seemed fake but they were not, she had just cried too much over the years to be able to feel anything. For the first time in her life, Tom's second wife, began to realise that there was a problem with their relationship, as though the sword wasn't a problem in the first instance. She had always assumed that it was as he said, a trophy from one his fathers exploits during the war. Today was the day she would soon find out that it was not. With tears in his eyes, he looked deep into hers and said;

"We cannot keep it." he didn't exclaim or shout, he calmly attempted to withdraw from the conversation but found it was a conversation he could not escape.

"What?" she shouted as she prepared to hit him over the head with something.

"Remember that thing I was telling you about, the one which means I cannot be a normal nine to five?" he asked almost tentatively.

"Well, lets just say I'm a soldier." he finished as quickly as the conversation had begun. She looked confused and the obvious words on her mind could be read like a mistakenly open book.

"I know.." that was the moment she hit him and then, shouted; "You don't know. You don't have a flipping clue at all what your talking about. And for your information, had I been pregnant you would have been the last person to find out. Obviously you need your ears cleaned because.." he didn't know where to look, almost embarrassed, saddened and relieved all at one and the same time. The Flood were approaching and he could sense it.

"Pass me the sword!" he called to her with an outstretched arm as he reached for the front door to lock it. The thing about the flood is, they were cold. Always lowering the temperature as ambient temperature was how they found humanity or host beings to replicate the virus. It was heat that drew them and it was heat that they followed. And being warm blooded and human meant they both were at a disadvantage. The army couldn't fight them. No-one could, at least for now anyway.

Page 6. Friday 1<sup>st</sup> of October 1954 : Edinburgh 18:50

Mr and Mrs Spears were a traditional couple. They followed the Scotsman and all that it stood for, they voted Conservative and never spoke about politics or religion outside of the house with anyone. Both Mr and Mrs Spears were young when they had Tom, who was supposed to fight for the country, but Mr Spears having fought during the Second World War was now adept at telling his young son and his friends about the horrors that encompassed the world during the first world war. Being quite young, only eighteen when he enlisted to fight for King and Country, but more because he really didn't like foreigners, was mostly the treat that both Tom and his friends could have done without. Not because he didn't like hearing about the war, but rather because he really didn't want to join the army for any reason in order to become his father, who was missing a leg.

Times were tough for the Spears' due to both of their lack of employment and lack of opportunities to gainfully seek employment, but nonetheless, there was a day, it only lasted a day, when this thought, the thought of never fighting war became an everyday thing.

"Tom, listen to this.." Malcolm Chisholm stood facing the wall but continued blowing the balloon of gum which made his voice sound strange.

"..see this gum I'm blowing, it's like a hundred years old."

Malcolm grinned.

"you what?" Tom replied to the sparking intrigue of the other boys.

"Well.." Malcolm continued.

"..my aunt, who was in America recently, only just got back said that there was a guy she met on a bus who knew a guy, and this guy worked for a railway station near Ohio where a dentist in the 1860s patented chewing gum. Apparently this guy who worked

in the railway station was called Semple and the man who patented chewing gum was William Finley Semple.” Tom screwed his eyes and then asked casually;

“So, your telling me that that chewing gum in your mouth is a hundred year old foust?” Malcolm looked at Tom and then smiled.

“Ha! Your not funny, but either way. Amos Tyler was the man who officially made the gum in the same year.” Malcolm stopped trying to pretend that he was laughing.

“How do you know that?” one of the younger boys peered from around the wall as he spoke. He was looking out for Tom’s father, who of course as with all things, knew that Tom was forming a habit of not going to school.

“Read it at Leith Library!” Malcolm continued.

“Leith Library? You don’t go to the Library do you? When do you find the time in between social affairs and political rallies, how ever do you do it?” Lenny, the boy who was looking out for the rest of the gang harped in at last in as sarcastic a tone as he could muster.

“Dunno, it’s a gift!” Malcolm replied. In that moment, something happened that affected all of the boys, if not all of the world. But it was in that moment, the moment the world stood still that Tom Spears realised that he was the only one who could move. It was something that would be repeated time and again, but he couldn’t for the life of him tell why at this point in time. That was the moment Tom Spears realised he was immortal.

Page 7. October 1964, Edinburgh : Tuesday 00:25

Whilst Scotland was under no illusions of grandeur as to their bid to tackle anti-social behaviour, reckless and frivolous drinking or immoral acts of violence and incivility, the prohibition in America was catching traction, as it had done since the 1830s or so. By 1913, there was a near ban on all sales of alcohol along with most bars in busy communities such as Leith closing their doors to regulars in favour of more social gatherings. This of course was the sixties, a period of social and cultural change in which the news of colour television was ringing heavy in the minds of many a scot. Tom Spears appeared before the Superintendents wife in an less than amusing state of inebriation and instantly was shot down with a look.

“To whom do I owe the pleasure in this ungodly hour?” was her instant retort at the sight of him. He looked repulsive, smelt repulsive and was holding her garden gnome in both hands. “It’s me hen!” he shouted quite loudly, hoping that the whole world would hear him.

“Who?” she replied.

“It’s me hen..” he repeated and attempted to say his name, but being inebriated, he was unlikely to be able to fix the old Northfield gnome, and neither was he about to fix the mess he had made of the garden and the hedge.

“..me, Tam!” he again attempted to shout, but realising how loud his voice was, he then noted that the whole world was spinning. In his minds eye, it was. But in reality, it was awful, he wasn’t used to drinking, but due to the pressures and the heavy caseload, he was making basic mistakes and was being trained by a rookie as opposed to leading his own taskforce. Tom Spears wanted to find out who was stealing the diamonds and why they couldn’t just rob a train in England or somewhere that wasn’t here. And then, at that exact moment, something strange happened that he couldn’t explain.



At first he thought he was seeing things, but an invisible creature in the middle of the night that only he could see didn't seem to make sense. But what was worse was, the Super's wife wasn't moving or saying anything. She was just standing there with the same confused expression as she had done when she answered the door with her bemused tone. Margaret Farquharson, wife of Tarquin had officially and unofficially become one of the first victims in the new age to be taken by the Flood. She wouldn't be back any time soon, though, something of an oddity would become her fate.

This strange creature, invisible as it was cast a silhouette and from the moment he realised that it had somehow changed her irreversibly into one of them, of which it took a number of very brief steps for him to attempt to sober himself, before a tactical. That is to say, in the most unbecoming of manners, he, Tom Spears, Sergeant in Her Majesties Police Constabulary, stationed in Edinburgh at the Constitution Street police station had made every effort in order to hide his drinking habit from his boss and now, inadvertantly as a result of something that had been puzzling him had now cost his boss a wife. Though she was alive and within minutes she had stopped dribbling on her dressing coat and was coming out of the catatonic state she had been in the whole time that he was passed out, would never be the same.

Page 8. October 2004

"It's like I've been reliving the same moment over and over again." he began speaking to the councillor. She listened carefully, understanding the patient confidentiality that was associated with his mental ill health but couldn't understand why it was so important to him that he didn't share his delusions with anyone else.

"Listen Mr Spears.." she began but as always was cut short with the same reply.

"Corporal.."

"I'm sorry, Corporal Spears." she almost smirked, aware of the fact that, had he been an officer in the ranks of the army, even if it was overseas, he wouldn't be talking to a professional member of the national health service.

"yes ma'am." he politely replied.

"I have been looking over your case notes and I am now fully cognisant in the fact that I don't believe you are completely sane. Your talking of secret organisations, time travelling armies, a man who saved your life from the Flood and now it's immortality. Next you'll be telling me that time travelling zombie vampires from space are invading the world." she tried to keep a straight face, but despite this fact it was already too late as she felt the beginnings of a smile.

"You might not believe me, which is why I brought my daughter along with me." his daughter, Charlotte was sitting quietly. She was his adopted daughter, considering he couldn't actually have children of his own.

"Now, Mr Spears I don't think this is a safe environment to bring children into considering the nature of our conver.." she stopped as he walked towards the door only for his daughter to enter without any hesitation.

"Honey!" he mouthed and signed quietly whilst making sure not to let her see his anxiety or fear show.

“Honey, I need you to tell the doctor what you saw the other night.” she nodded, acknowledging her understanding of what he was saying. She smiled and signed the words for *‘I’m telepathic, I need you to understand that this planet is in danger!’* but at the same time, she said the words calmly and in a tone that wasn’t too loud in the mind of the psychiatrist.

“Something bit me!” she screeched and with that, he drew his sword and whispered, turn your back and count to a hundred.

“Daddy will be back in two seconds o.k?” and with that he prepared to collect something that had been stolen from him by the Flood. The very reason he was being chased all these years, unbeknownst to him, was because he had a chain his mother had provided him. The chain held a picture of his late great grandmother.

“Stay away from my daughter and me!” he shouted, the stages of the Flood were still too early for the psychiatrist to be able to do anything with the power she was about to gain. But she already was beginning to look unnerved at the sight of the sword, but more than that, she was uncomfortable with the fact that her body was beginning to merge with the Flood. That is to say, she was becoming one of their combined consciousness, a conglomeration of every single human being, every sentient life that had and would and currently did reside on the plane of space and time that was referred to as reality.

### **Back to the Total Writing System**

- I. The total writing system is simply an intangible guide to aid in writing and a way of keeping your thoughts organised.
- II. It is a tool that is mostly cerebral. Think of the key themes / Christmas wish list (Love, Honour and Valour) and repeat the same themes throughout each of your documents in various forms.
- III. Rewrite and rewrite and edit and rewrite.
- IV. Never copy someone else’s work as it lacks originality and honestly, the world has moved on from the exploitation of minority groups and other groups (through the form of simply mass copying, reselling and rebranding ideas that originate from specific groups).
- V. Improve the readers experience by incorporating current research, trends or personality into your writing.

## As a form of stimuli for writers block

Buy (or gather free) postcards with images. Look at the image, study it (e.g a postcard of Brighton pier) and then define what it is about the scene that allows you to gain an emotion from an emotive scene. Whether you feel something or not, someone will see the same object differently.

Writing is an art form, as such, regardless of whether you think you are good or bad at writing there is always someone out there with more self esteem and potentially words to describe the very same scene that you are attempting to write in less words. So, first warm up, then think about what it is that you are attempting to write. If you have already started writing, then think about what you have written and make sure that you have

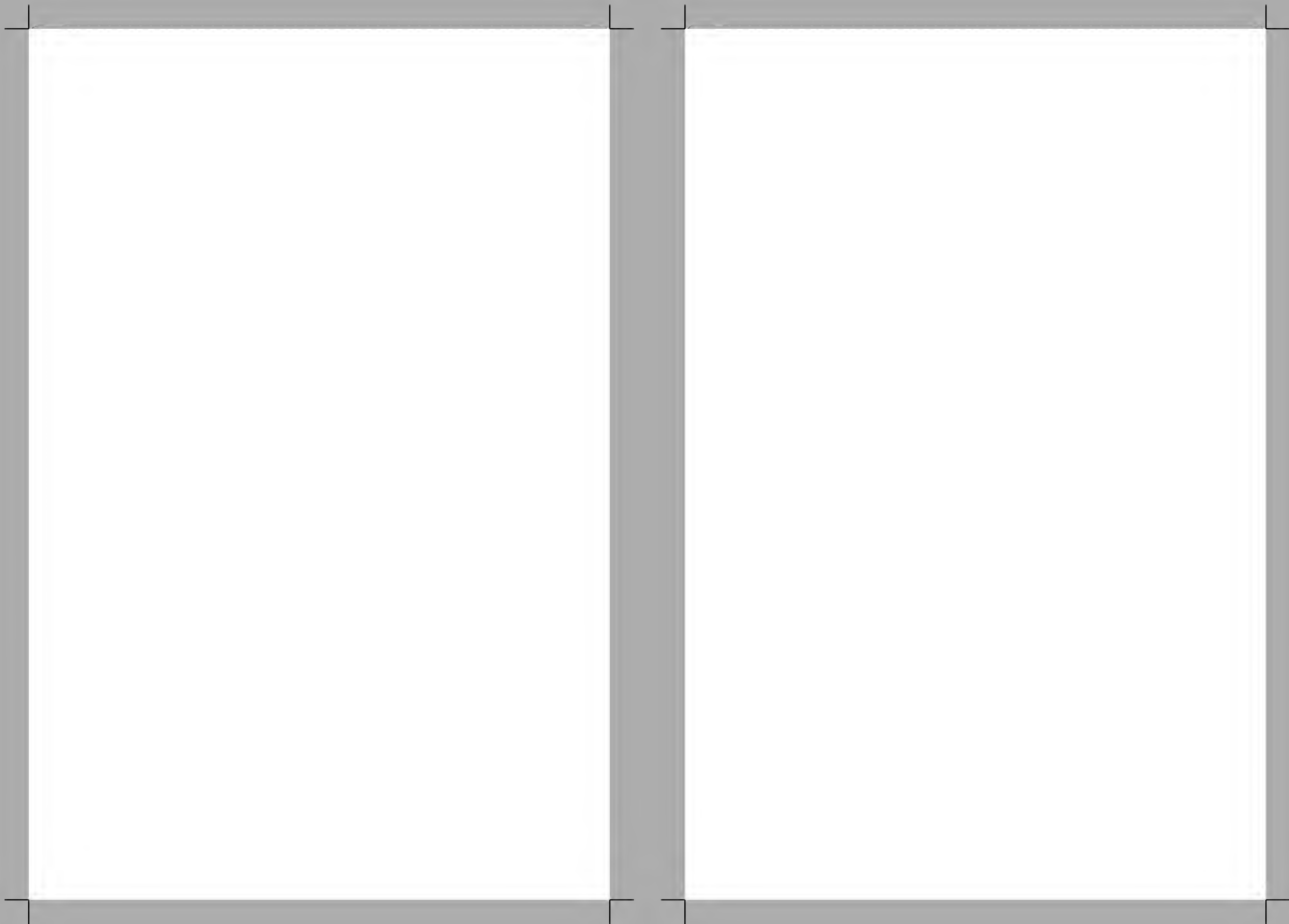
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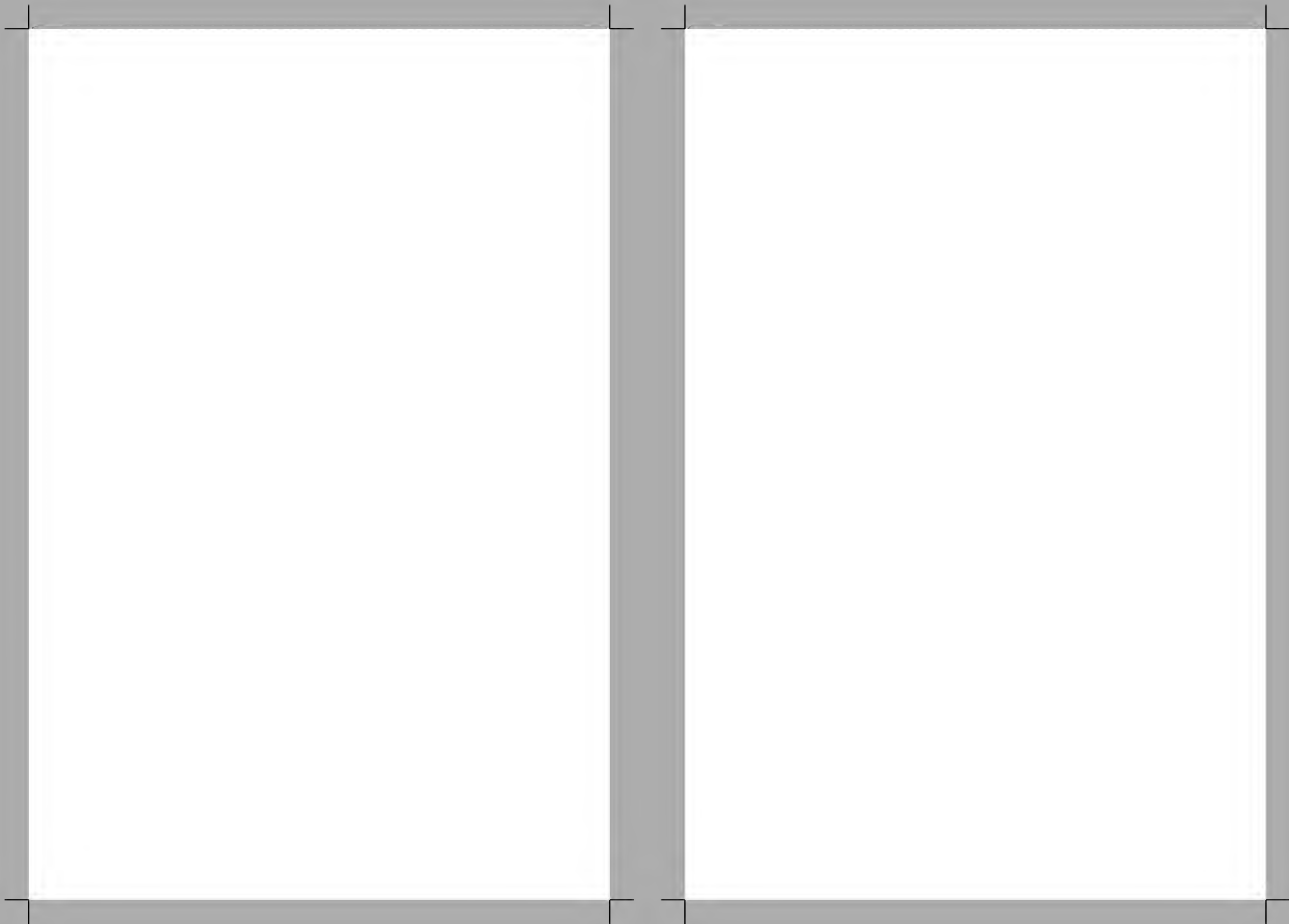
## Creating atmosphere

A character is more than just a name. Think of your Best Friend. They have more than one name potentially, but what about them makes you like them? Is it their similarity to you in;

- Looks
- Humour
- Thoughts
- Where they live
- School or college / university
- Employment history
- Amount of time spent together
- Understanding of each others personalities and faults

Now, what is it about them that makes you angry or frustrated about them? Have you ever had an argument? Give your best friend a new name, and then add personality traits. Define what it is that makes you so happy or sad around them and why. Talk with them and try to define how their voice sounds or their face or reasons why you want to be together as friends. Remember that this is not a test so it doesn't have to be perfect. Once you have done this, try and be more descriptive, design the person you want to be your hero, your protagonist. And then create them. In the above pages, I have simply written a series of stories. I have not gone into detail about décor or details about environment, weather, styling only a character as a rough first draft. The second draft is telling and the third will be more compelling, but in order to build up complexity, you need to have a basis to start on. My basis was my poetry.





Proof